

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE;

AND

New Theatrical Inquisitor ;

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,

CRITICISMS

ON THE

NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS :

ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

&c. &c. &c.

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Embellished with an elegantly engraved Portrait of

MISS LOVE,

As MIRZA, in "The Spirits of the Moon."

LONDON:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To E. G. B. ; CRITO ; PEEP-BO ; and the writers of two letters without signatures, we can only offer our acknowledgments, while we admit the justice of their complaints. We have no immediate peace-offering, in the shape of promise, to render back ; yet if a new arrangement with regard to the punctuality of the time of publication, and other essential points, can evince our sense of contrition, and hope of amendment, we confess to the fact. It is, however, a little singular, that several of our Correspondents (whose kindness we admit) should express surprise at the inaccuracies to which we have referred, in a work professing to point out the deviations of others ! yet be it remembered, that our critical propensities have never feasted on the mere *errors of the press*, though we have objected to the *principles* of some of our contemporaries.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It may appear very unintelligible, but were we requested to point out the inanimate particle which has most power upon animation, we should say, "a white cambric pocket-handkerchief." Should the acumen of our readers be unequal to the solution, or comprehending, deny the principle, we refer them to Mr. ELLISTON in the character of an *Apologist*.—We aver that that same white handkerchief (as if there were indeed "magic in the web") is far more potent in allaying discord, than the Egyptian gift of *Othello* could be in fermenting it. The force of this we feel at the present moment. In an apology which we acknowledge to be due to our readers, we are deprived of th's very graceful emblem of piety and penitence. Nevertheless we have not descended to study in the school of Mr. ELLISTON (who we learn is about to give public lectures on the art), as we are convinced it is the handkerchief alone to which he owes his reputation; we depend on facts.

By an unaccountable accident, a few copies of our last number escaped into the world, with so many, and such palpable *errata*, that we have in vain attempted to string together a list of them. We can only beg the indulgence of those of our subscribers into whose hands they may have fallen, until the end of the volume, when a general *errata* will be given. In the mean time (in play-bill diction) we respectfully announce to the public, that having entered into arrangements with the proprietors of the *New Theatrical Inquisitor*, by which the entire copyright has devolved to us, we have availed ourselves of much of the talent upon that work to co-operate with our *own* (we have no recourse from the expression), and we hope that under the title of *The Mirror of the Stage*, and *New Theatrical Inquisitor*, our pages will be found to contain an extension of those good things, which have obtained for us so considerable a patronage. We detest cant, but we *do* hope this.

THE Mirror of the Stage;

AND

NEW THEATRICAL INQUISITOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 17.] MONDAY, APR. 26, 1824. [Vol. IV.

MISS LOVE.

THE subject of our present memoir affords a very happy instance of the advantages which may result from what is usually called "further acquaintance." We remember the exertions of Miss LOVE, some months since, in a few subordinate parts at the English Opera House and the Coburg; and though we recognize the same sprightly figure, the tripping step, and the quite unconscious, yet more than half-cunning, witchery of eye, yet we can scarcely think it is the same Miss LOVE who has dropt, as it were, from a cloud, upon the world of—popularity, and with no insignificant claims to the empire she assumes. From whatsoever source these newly-acquired talents may have been drawn, certain it is, that this young actress has now few superiors in her line of character. There is something of the French cast about the features and the manners of Miss L. and her acting in general savours of the same *penchant*. She possesses all the delightful wantonness of her sex, combined with a sort of accidental prudery that gently binds it down—there is an evident determination about her air to be very tickling and mischievous; yet her eye continually reminds "that it can't help it." She brushes you like a bird, with her wing, as she laughs by, and then makes

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another circle in the air. Her impressions are not lasting—it is the mere sport of the summer wind dimpling the aspect of the stream—yet it is no less delicious while it remains, though the deeper recesses of the mind are impenetrable to the familiar sound. The innocent wound closes again even upon the weapon which inflicts it—her only delight seems to be to create a faint tingling,—

"And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,

"And glides away, assured she never hurts ye."

As a singer, Miss LOVE commands a great portion of our admiration. To a considerable compass and flexibility of voice she adds much proficiency of science, tho' she has yet much to attain; her cadences are frequently imperfect; notwithstanding, her tones are full and distinct, and at times afford the highest promise of musical capability.

By her performance, and vocal talents, in the parts of *Luciana*, in the '*Comedy of Errors*,' *Rosanthé*, in '*Brother and Sister*,' *Vespina*, in '*Clari*,' &c. she has succeed in stamping herself as an actress of high pretension; and aided by a form of most pleasing dimensions, and a countenance sufficiently playful and interesting, has obtained an ample

share of public success, and encouragement.

The private tenor of Miss LOVE's career, has been disfigured with none of those roughening accidents which are the common innumerable on the inheritance of mortality. Our labour therefore is light, as our account must be brief; for it is the detail only of the disappointments and calamities of the world, which awakens interest; the narrative of unambitious enjoyment is never pleasing to the ear, from the sudden and opposite associations of the mind—men like to behold and partake the sunshine, but loathe the tempest only in description.

As the birth-place of distinguished individuals is usually among our earliest recollections and enquiries, so it may have been with our present subject; and we should, perhaps, have said before that Miss LOVE was born in the neighbourhood of Cheapside, in the autumn of 1801. She is the daughter of the late Mr. F. T. LOVE, an officer in his Majesty's service, who died abroad some years ago, of an epidemic fever. At an early age, a taste and disposition for musical pursuits, attracted the attention of her friends, and she ultimately became the pupil of Mr. D. CORRI; from whose instruction she derived so much assistance, that she was at length deemed qualified for the ordeal of public decision. Accordingly she appeared at the English Opera House, where she was so encouragingly received that Mr. ARNOLD, its liberal proprietor, immediately proffered to the fair debutant an engagement for four seasons. At the expiration of this term, the managers of Covent Garden, from the recent loss they had sustained in the secession of Miss Stephens from their establishment, were desirous of procuring the services of Miss LOVE; and consequently she made her appearance on those boards, where she has ever since continued, and where we hope her talents will be completely matured, and as completely appreciated.

MINOR-IES, No. 10.

Mrs. STANLEY.

"Woman, lovely woman, nature made thee—
TO TEMPER MAN!"

Thus sings OTWAY, and he is a poet of nature. Customs and manners change, but the grand principle of life is, and ever will be, the same. If women were made "to temper man" in his day, no doubt they are formed for the same purpose in the present time; and in this age of inventions iron men being manufactured, we know of no woman more fit "to temper" so hard and resisting a power as is Mrs. STANLEY. (Though Mr. STANLEY is nothing like iron, he has all its rust, certainly, but not its metal. However, we have done with Mr. STANLEY, of which we have no doubt he will not complain.) Our talk is now with the "same name, but one of softer nature."

There is a mysterious power attached to the name of "woman," that awakens all our kindlier feelings, and busies imagination in its most beautiful delights: a hundred fairy forms are dancing round us; we live but under the heaven of beaming eyes, and are conscious of nothing but the presence of blooming lips and animated features—the brightest world is lost in the contemplation of beings that arrest all thought save that of mute and intense admiration, and the heart's action chains the tongue. "Woman" is the spell-word, the universal charm, that calls up expectation of the very being of affection, sensibility, and tenderness. We expect most largely, and therefore, when disappointment comes, we feel its visitation more keenly: for instance, Mrs. STANLEY is a woman, and when that title should prepare us for all the blandishments that await upon the name, how are we chagrined when the glance of sensibility is lost within the flashings of the virago; the "still small voice of love" drowned in the hoarse note of military command,

or masculine defiance—the creeping, trembling tendril transformed into a dry, substantial oak, and the peering locks, the innocent “cockle hat,” and Nora’s gown, to “float as wild as mountain breezes”—all exchanged for the wig of Medusa, the helmet of Camilla, and the weighty stymitar of the virgin soldier—These changes make terrible havoc with the feelings of us lovers of romance—they bring us back from the “sweet little isle” which our wantoning fancies have created, to this vile, sober earth; and our senses are shot, as they are flying into Elysium, by the air-gun of masculine-feminine intonation. Mrs. STANLEY is a most able markswoman at this game; she fires at sympathy, and with such force, that she kills it: there is no writhing of sensation—no agony of hope and fear—but anticipation and dread are alike defunct: she raises us above the participation of mortal suffering, by foregoing mortality herself; we feel that that boisterousness of exclamation, that violence of action, and perturbation of form, are too strong to be human; and, therefore, as we are not capable of judging of divine passions, we sit soberly and coolly until the hurricane be over.—The wrongs of a wedded mortal, suffering from the liberal gallantries of her husband, may meet with some sympathy from her next door gossip, whereas, the troubles of cheated Juno would be read over with unconcern and even good humour,—thus it is with Mrs. Stanley’s acting—she is too much above mortality, she is more than woman ever was, and therefore remains unpitied and inexplicable. She is Apollo’s priestess to the enquiring and awe-struck frequenters of the Coliseum, many of whom take the force of her

utterance for her divinity—and judge she is possessed of immortality, because all her syllables leap to “live thunder.” Mrs. Stanley promised to be a good actress—to acquire that discernment, which chooses between a transient elevation of nature by conflicting circumstance—as it were a momentary exaltation of spirit and daring of heart, and a monotonous recitation continued as unmeaning. She should study the woman singing Salvatore Rossi’s banditti—she will see, as Lady Morgan accurately describes her, that there is an innate and irrepressible quality of female affection, breaking through and chastening down the artificial roughness with which time and habit have endowed her—she is still the woman, though the companion of banditti—and the tear of nature at ill-fated mourns over the pollution of custom. Mrs. STANLEY seldom lets the native beams of feminine purity and weakness irradiate the gloom in which she at first envelops herself—she is always the bandit’s wife and should

“Bring forth men children only!”

At least, if designed for sucking highwaymen—she acts and speaks as though she should “compose nothing but male,” the softer sex is dead within her. Applause is a dangerous temptation; it strains lungs to the highest violates propriety, makes a mockery of sorrow, and has metamorphosed Mrs. STANLEY, who, when she appeared at Drury Lane, as *Lady Macbeth*, was, if nothing more, a respectable actress—into a scold and a virago.

Our next “Minor-ite,” Miss Kimbell of the Surrey:

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY-LANE.

March, 29th, Pizarro, Cataract—30th, Merry Wives of Windsor, Lodowick—April 1st, Merchant of Venice, Spanish Gallants, All the World’s a Stage—3rd, Guy Mannering, Tokeli—5th, King Lear, Cataract—8th, Stranger.

Ballet, Killing no Murder.—8th, *Merry Wives, Deaf as a Post, Lodoiska*—10th, *Stranger, Rival Soldiers, Family Jays*—19th, *Virginus, Zoroaster*; or *the Spirit of the Star*—20th, *Winter's Tale, Zoroaster*—21st, *Hypocrite, Zoroaster*—22nd, *Road to Ruin, Zoroaster*—23rd, *Rob Roy, Zoroaster*—24th, *Kenilworth, Zoroaster*.

THE STRANGER.

This German domestic tale has been performed at this house, for the purpose of introducing Mr. KEAN to the public in the character of the *Stranger*. The report in theatrical circles is highly favourable; for ourselves, we have seen *one Stranger*—yet we will not pre-judge. Mr. KEAN will doubtless repeat the part before he leaves England. At all events, it will afford us the satisfaction of seeing him in a new character; and of late he has been ruinously circumscribed, whether from the fault of personal inactivity, or managerial caprice—but Mr. K.'s talents are of importance to the stage; while he remains here, no temporary gew-gaw should be suffered to keep them dormant.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

It was with a mournful feeling, mixed up certainly with the most pleasurable recollections, that we attended the performance of the '*Road to Ruin*,' to see the *Old Dornon* of MUNDEN for the last time. As STERNE says, there is nothing in the word; it must apply to all of us, some time or other, an every-day realization—yet if Susannah, the Corporal, nay even the fat scullion herself, had heard it, they would have melted at the sound. In justice to the ingenious editor of the play bills, we must admit that we have at length drawn some moral from his pages; yet though their decrees are far less inviolable than the laws of the Medes are said to have been, we hope Mr. MUNDEN will not be prevailed upon to furnish another 'last time,' lest we should by any means miss the sight. We

have shared our champagne, and shaken hands with an old friend at night, and we should be sorry to see him dash to the window in his journey, the next morning as we sat at breakfast. The warmth and earnestness of these partings should be held sacred; as the curtain dropt upon the picture at the end of the comedy, we felt that we had seen what never might be again. It is a performance replete with beauties, and is perhaps one of the most perfect delineations of natural affection which have ever been exhibited on the stage. Here too, spite of what the world says, Mr. ELLISTON excites our applause—if there is a certain managerial effect about his favorite *Harry Dornon*, and the message-bearer seems to shrink from him, still the little tender-nesses, the gallant buoyancy of heart, though somewhat impaired, evince the actor; and the performance is one of those things which we commit to memory. TERRY and KNIGHT are both excellent; and HARLEY contrives to render *Goldfinch* very agreeable company. Miss S. BOOTH's *Sophia* reminded us now and then of Miss KELLY.

On Easter Monday, after the tragedy of '*Virginus*,' in which Mr. MACREADY returned to his engagement, and performed the principal character in his usual exquisite manner, an Egyptian Tale of Enchantment, called '*Zoroaster, or the Spirit of the Star*' was offered up, for the first time, as an Easter sacrifice, and a sacrifice we fear it will be found. There is something in the definition of romance, delightful, and even consistent and intelligible; but mana-

gers have twisted it into a very melancholy meaning. Romance is the mere enthusiasm, the extravagant ambition of comprehensive thought—mortality in its childhood, which ought never to have grown old—it is the methodical madness which Polonius ascribes to Hamlet—it is that which all would aim at, and there sigh to find it unattainable. Of this new spectacle we really know not what to say. It is one of the most beautiful productions we have ever beheld. It is, without exception, the silliest thing we ever witnessed. So much talent, splendour, and lavish expence, were never so unworthily directed. It is like the decorating the *John Bull* editor in the classic garb of Byron's poetry and freedom—the knave would wanton in a stupid strut, but still retain the servility of ignorance. So with '*Zoroaster*'—STANFIELD has invested it with beauty; and we dare say the author swaggers through the box-lobbies, and conceives he has done a vast thing, as he glances at the stage. We gaze with transport upon the innocent beauty of a child, breathing through its slumber—but what if it screams? we stop our ears, and retreat. So again with '*Zoroaster*'—if the trash of dialogue intervenes, the spell in which the beautiful parade of costume and scenery had bound us, is startled from its silent controul, and we find that these pictured characters *speak*, and are inhabitants of the land of fudge! But we must endeavour to bring this abortion to some sort of shape, though the task is really so revolting, that we must lay claim to the gratitude of our friends for entering upon it at all. We will now serve up the skeleton, for their anatomical observation.

Gebir, a hot-headed youth, (WALLACK;) is in the good graces of *Zoroaster*, priest and magician, (ARCHER,) and obtains his protection in travelling

over the earth in quest of fame and knowledge. He is waited upon by *Trismegistus*, (HARLEY,) and a little imp *Nigreno*, (Master WIELAND) one of the unnatural sons of the magician, who furnishes whatever he demands. With somewhat of assurance, he first desires a palace to repose in; it comes however at the call: and by degrees he at length appears a mighty emperor—when *Pamina*, his lady-love, (Mrs. W. WEST,) whom he had slighted in his regal advancement, by some chance becomes heiress to the throne of Egypt, and he proffers his hand in marriage, but is rejected and overthrown in battle. He then desires immortality, but the offended magician punishes his presumption by destroying his palace by an earthquake, and imprisons him in the pyramid of Chæops. He is however ultimately forgiven, and *Pamina* becomes his bride.

Such are the materials of which this production is composed. With regard to the piece itself, we think, (it is a hazardous belief,) but we think it beneath the '*Cataract*.' Even the unrefined tastes of Easter Monday critics were not proof against its absurdities. We felt for WALLACK, who is an actor of sense, doomed to give utterance to such trash: and HARLEY, though he tried to render himself agreeable, could scarcely squeeze a single grin from those deities to whose decision alone his language appealed. For ourselves, we cannot judge of it, nor would we degrade our pages with a specimen. Mrs. WEST had little to do, and Miss BOOTH less. To the talents of STANFIELD alone the piece is indebted for a second performance; and Mr. MONCRIEFF (who, we believe, is its author) is bound to pray night and day for the reputation of the painter. The *Eidophusikon*, ("blessings on their learning") embodying a series of views in an extent of 482 feet, excels, perhaps, any thing of the kind, which has been given to the public. All that nature could frame, or the poet conceive, is

here presented in a perfect illusion. By a sort of pictorial licence, the great Desert of Arabia, the Sphinx and Pyramids, the Colussus, the Bay of Naples, and Mount Vesuvius, all glide in succession, and form the very triumph of artificial display. Some other parts of the scenery however, are less perfect, and far too glaring—the music is

not very astonishing—but the dresses are extremely splendid and characteristic. The spectacle, with all its imperfections, has been nightly performed, though in our next we shall probably have to record its premature decease. It would succeed much better as a mere show, without the intervention of characters.

COVENT-GARDEN.

March 29th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Pantomime*—30th, *Native Land*, *Hunter of the Alps*—April 1st, *All in the Wrong*, *Marriage of Figaro*—3rd, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Clari*—5th, *King John*, *Miller and his Men*—6th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Hunter of the Alps*—8th, *Man of the World*, *Hunter of the Alps*—10th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Roland for an Oliver*, *Pantomime*—19th, *School of Reform*, *Spirits of the Moon*; or the *Inundation of the Nile*—20th, *John Bull*, *Spirits of the Moon*—21st, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Spirits of the Moon*—22nd, *Clari*, *Hunter of the Alps*, *Spirits of the Moon*—23rd, *Man of the World*, *Spirits of the Moon*—24th, *Pride shall have a Fall*, *Spirits of the Moon*.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

This comedy, very strongly cast, was revived for the benefit of Mr. C. KEMBLE, whose talents and exertions were acknowledged by one of the most crowded audiences ever assembled. The first act, in consequence of the continued noise in the house, was inaudible; and Mr. KEMBLE, after several addresses from the stage, directed the performance to recommence. The comedy will shortly be repeated, when we shall have to offer a few remarks upon the acting.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM

Has been played, in which RAYNER supported the part of *Tyke* with his usual talent—ABBOT, *Frederick*, with his accustomed persecuting rant, worthy to rival Mr. IRVING; and JONES, *Ferment*, with all that peculiarity of nonchalance and vivacity which make only one JONES. EGERTON and CHAPMAN, as *Lord Avondale*, and *Old Tyke*, were very respectable. BLANCHARD, having filled up our

paper, we even make a reference for our printer, in order that we should not omit your *General Terragon*. May time but gently enervate that military grasp of your cane!

Mrs. GIBBS, as *Mrs. Ferment*, was as pleasingly tyrannic as ever, and the *Mrs. Nicely* of Mrs. DAVENPORT, a most delightful old woman; whilst Miss HENRY's *Julia Terragon* made us think of vapours and green tea; and the *Shelah* of Mrs. PIERCE, of a Covent-garden basket woman, in her Sunday attire.

The Spirits of the Moon followed the above comedy on Easter Monday.—Of course, it is good-naturedly settled between the projector and audience of this kind of piece, that there shall be no such destroying faculty to effect, as propriety, or even common sense. It is as well to make mention of this arrangement, as it saves a world of criticism, though depriving us of the most beautiful *morceaux* offered by anachronism, want of unities of time, place, and observance,

an Egyptian tailor talking in the language of an English visitant to 'The Bag of Nails;' and the overseer of a rice-ground in the same country indulging in all the bye play of word and deed of a custom-house officer or exciseman—we will however give the *plot*, which may be as laconically mentioned as that of Matthew's *Opossum* and the *Gum-tree*, so proceed to unravel the web to which is attached so many scenes of ponderous elegance—dancing girls—fighting men—and desert-footing camels,—we shall merely say, that—

A king of Egypt dying, leaves of course, an infant heir, in the protection of its uncle, which uncle, as there is, at least on the stage, no intermediate character in this kind of relation, being either the despoiler of a nephew or the father of one; indulges in the first naughty propensity, and seats himself on the throne of Egypt, whilst the rightful heir is in obscurity, "eating husks" with the camels of the desert, from which occupation he is aroused by a prophet, who bids him "gird up his loins and flee"—to "the Great City," which mandate the aspiring youth instantly obey, and quickly finds himself at the place of his destination:—kind spirits are always awaiting on virtue—clothing the naked and administering to the sick; also particularly attentive to "beauty in tears"—These "good-fellows" assist the youth *Mirza*, and he descends into his uncle's hiding-place, where the usurper is wont to play at bo-peep with the devil, and takes the desired bow and arrow from the iron grasp of some monster—for though these good spirits are very clever fellows, yet still there is always some hidden mischief working against their benevolence in the form of a golden apple—a pumpkin—a musket, or some such nic-nac.—Well, he gets this bow and arrow, but, unlucky wight! he loses them. Do not grieve, ye sympathizing spirits, who have hung your bonnets over the gallery rail, because *Mirza* must lose them, or how will you have the second act?—After innumerable chances, every one of them unkind Mr. FARLEY, giving us the heart-ache, lest wickedness should triumph—the evil spirit, but whether he is a politician or a lawyer, is not specified, bears away the usurper to—

"The very place where wicked people go."

Love claps a matrimonial plaster on the agitated hearts of *Mirza* and his *Princess*, (who by the bye is very un-feminine, scarcely saying any thing throughout the piece,) and they then leave, taking from us our best wishes of comfort, and a large family; rather paradoxical, but no less sincere.

It is needless to say that FARLEY is the *Usurper*, he has been a vile wretch this many an Easter; yet, for all his enormity, he does not appear to grow old in wickedness. He appears the very man to send a sucking nephew to the Foundling, and walk into his inheritance—he is at Easter enormous in his crimes and attributes—his look is the moon through a fog—his cheeks the Red Sea in a hurricane. Boreas speaks through his wind-pipe—and hail and thunder are in the rumpling of his robe, and the creaking of his slipper—he most poetically meets the juvenile notions of naughtiness, and reads a lasting lesson to slundering youth. T. P. COOKE, who should have done something, we suppose, gave up his part to the scenery, and was content with a combat—in which, so strong is virtue,—he attacks two, and we believe, kills them. Really COOKE's fine, manly form, should have been better employed than as a mute body-guard to a pugnacious female. *Steelpinstitch*, an Egyptian tailor, (Mr. FARLEY, did you dream that name, for surely it is the most ingenious, and altogether the most humorous congress from distant parts of the alphabet, that we ever shook our sides at?) However, in order that BLANCHARD's profession should be more strongly indicated, he has (O! witty rogues!) a pair of scissors worked upon his breast—poor BLANCHARD appears like a brown raisin jar that has been made to inhale Mr.

HENRY's laughing gas. However, we wish to impress upon our readers the circumstance of BLANCHARD being a tailor, in order that they may be assured that an Egyptian practitioner may be as witty as an English one. We are sorry for you, BLANCHARD, but your part in the first piece proved that your name would be of some weight in the *Spectacle*, and we know you can act, if an author is not obstinate, and will let you. MEADOWS looked as happy as any man with a shaved head and long staff can be desired : he appeared to be like the audience, "in a holiday humour," and jested with the most excruciating industry. We like MEADOWS, although we have now and then had a little difference ; yet, as we have "settled that trifle," we anticipate the continual pleasure of praising. GRIMALDI senior, we will say to you with *King John*, "your son is legitimate," of course we are understood as implying his talents—the abilities of the parent were never more successfully caught by the son as in this instance, and the like valuation does, and promises ever to await them. We saw a gentleman bowing, as he leaped forth to combat, but was unconscious of the dignity of the person who was bending to us, when our venerating recollections were awakened by the sounds of recognizing admirers above, in all the extatic vociferation of "Bravo! BRADLEY!" It was Mr. BRADLEY, who fought his combats, most skilfully and gallantly—but Mr. B. know when your time is up—also remember, that though Covent Garden has had horses, Mr. SLOMAN does not walk there, it is not the Coburg. Do not "cut" and "come again."

Miss LOVE plays *Mirza* ; and does what the Seer desires her with the most yielding simplicity ; she

has not much to do—economy is every thing—her dress will want the less regenerating, she sings her music well, dances, and looks, light and fairy-like ; wears her lotos-decked cap with much archness, and never loses the smile with which she at first greets us. Mrs. VINING has nothing to do, but to be very maternal, carrying a fat, chubby little boy about in her arms every where ; but whether the child is to be understood as suffering from the measles or hooping cough is not specified—certainly it looks very healthy. Mrs. VINING fights well ; but this is not novel—ladies have used the sword some time : the fives would be new, and might draw. Miss BEAUMONT looks beautiful as the *Princess*.

To conclude, the scenery and decoration composes every thing in this piece—the *Waters of the Nile* are most beautiful, and their retiring effectively managed. ' *The Spirits of the Moon*, ' will no doubt prove themselves worthy of ' *The Vision of the Sun*. '

We regret our present limits deny us the pleasure of entering into a full detail of T. P. COOK's *Itosavi*, in the ' *Hunter of the Alps*, ' it was a fine and energetic performance.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The very distinguished talents of Mr. THELWALL have never been more successfully exercised, or more laudably devoted, than in the *Lectures upon Shakspeare* and the *Drama*, which have attracted so much of the public attention ; during Lent, to this theatre. The exertions of this gentleman in a cause, wherein not only his talents but his feelings and ambition were embarked, have been so long, so ardent, and we should add, so profitless to himself, that we must

be allowed to express (and we believe the feeling is universal) a more than usual satisfaction at the result of this his first course of Lectures on the Drama; which, if they have effected nothing more, may at least demonstrate that the vitality of mind is not demolished or corrupted by the accidents of time, and that real genius is not confined to the operations and developement of one pursuit, however proud its elevation, but catches at every fortuitous breath that may shake the clouds of intellectual attainment, and eventually rises the lord of its own created day, not to pour its influence on one particular soil, but to expand, and become more exalted, as it awakens to its comprehension. It is not to be supposed, because the painter has excelled upon the canvas, that he has no capability beyond it: "the cover of the salt hides the salt," as our friend *Launce* would say; and we shall find in numberless instances of ancient and modern time, that beneath the exposition and accomplishment of genius, there lie some acute and eminent perceptions, which though eclipsed by the matured prosperity of an individual qualification, would have equally towered to a cultivated perfection, and equally led to fame, though no such pre-exalted principle had burst to animation. So in the actor where there is any distinguishing endowment of mind, as regards his peculiar study, there is usually some proportionate energy and discernment, unconnected in direction, yet still associated by indefinite bonds, with the attaining principle of genius. To become a great actor, it is not necessary that every other end and aim of the mind should be abolished—that it should stand like an edifice, whose one wing rises in grandeur, while the other

is dilapidated and laid waste. Though one should be only up at a time, still let us have *two* buckets to this mental well, for if there is no equanimity, there is no settled surety of endurance. We may be dazzled and deceived for a time; but we shall find that this effect extends but to the senses, and is the result rather of temporary advantage and circumstance, than the extension of a confirmed ascendancy of intellect and vigour. Mr. *THELWALL* has very severely, and very justly, censured actors for that laxity, and apparent insensibility of the real importance of their profession, which are so destructive of the best suggestions of a powerful capacity. With few exceptions they have no being or imagination beyond the surface of diffusing occasional enjoyment, and forget that it is their province "to hold the mirror up to nature!" That with which accident has invested them, they exercise, and know full well how to appreciate; but they have no view of informing and ennobling those possessions which are the bequest of nature alone. It is here that the actor has felt the liberal, yet still temperate infliction of Mr. T.'s castigation. He would have a professor of the stage enter into the depths of his undertaking; to consider his absolute importance to the time, and to enlarge his reading and comprehension beyond the library of the *Green Room*, and its surrounding world. Mr. *THELWALL*'s oratorical powers have become, in the anxious labour of so many years, familiarised to the public, and his Critical Lectures on Shakspeare, and the stage, possess all the acute suggestions of a forcible and penetrative mind, developed in a style, at once simple and impassioned. If he has not thrown any additional light (and indeed

who can hope to do so in these days) on the labours of our divine poet, he has at least arrayed them in all the ardent and enthusiastic colours of an eloquent imagination, and has affixed upon the mimic world, the white banner of Shakspeare's spirit, to recall our recollections, and awaken our fidelity. His conception of the character of *Hamlet*, if not new, is in our judgment, scientific and correct, and his criticisms on the past and present performers of the part, are impregnated with a due portion of candour and acidity. By the bye, in his expatiation on the simple but beautiful character of *Ophelia*, Mr. THELWALL very truly distinguishes between Shakspeare, and the perversion of managerial opinion—the poet made *Ophelia* sing, because she was mad; but represented on the stage, *Ophelia* goes mad because she can sing—and actresses of no pretension to this delightful creation of our bard (from which number however must be excepted Miss TREE) are cast into the part, only to give an unnecessary and indeed inconsistent effect to the airs. His successive Lectures on *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, &c. (of which we can merely say, that they were even equal to their subjects) were delivered to very fashionable assemblages; and it must be a source of pride to Mr. T. that his elevated sentiments, and the study which he has devoted to literature and elocution, have met with so many and such eager proofs of appreciation and delight. His Oratorical and closing Lecture commanded an unusual flow of strength and eloquence. Mr. T. seemed to have reserved this last trial to reveal the amplitude of his powers and his research—he reminded us even of that GARRICK upon whom he dwelt with much animation, when

at the age of sixty, like the actor in his own *Richard*, he could revel in the tumult and the triumph of his energy on this his favorite theme.

To conclude, we think Mr. THELWALL has not only afforded a very talented and diversified entertainment, during the Lent season, but has sustained and advanced the interests of the drama of the age; and should he again appear in his critical capacity, we hope a twelvemonths interval will display to him the beneficial effects of his exertions.

SURREY THEATRE.

This theatre, during the short recess, has undergone several alterations, one of which is the converting the upper slips of boxes into galleries. We cannot think this an improvement. The pieces are *The Fire Worshippers*, founded on *Lalla Rookh*; and a new and very interesting piece called *The Floating Beacon*, of which we shall give a full report in our next. The company has not yet received any additional strength, notwithstanding the accession of a Mr. HARWOOD, the counterpart of SLOMAN, in dullness, if not in popularity.

COBURG THEATRE.

In the general activity and anxiety for success, the proprietors of this place of amusement have not lost that promptitude and zeal which usually attend their exertions. The interior of the house has assumed another aspect, and the embellishments reflect the highest credit on the taste of the artists, and the liberality of the management. A new piece, from the pen of Mr. MILNER, has been brought forward, under the title of the *Weird Woman of the Isles*; and

has been followed by the old melodrama of the *North Pole*, redressed and re-painted. The extreme press of matter in our present Number, obliges us to defer a more lengthened notice of the performances here until our next, when we hope to make amends for the omission.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This Theatre has opened, having been most sumptuously though not tastefully decorated. *The Two Foulahs* of the Surrey has been effectively played, with *The Smoked Miser*, in which Interlude BUCKINGHAM played *Old Screw* with much talent. Mr. B. is what is seldom found upon the minor boards, an actor of discrimination and intellect. — VALE was, as usual, quaint in *Spiderlimb*, and Miss JOHNSTON pleasing in the little assigned her. The business has been excellent. We shall in our next speak more upon this establishment.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This theatre has at length terminated a season replete with difficulties, mismanagement, and amateur appearances. We are not foes to the encouragement of early talent; but much of the disaster and disgrace which frequently involve minor theatricals, may be traced to the ill-judging potency of *favoritism*, and the engagement of young adventurers who *play for nothing*, to the exclusion of actors. There is a regular and a very extensive soil for the culture and improvement of these birds of promise; but the biting air of London may bring with it "a killing frost" to nip the shoot, and then they fall, though

not exactly like that same *Cardinal* from whom we have quoted.

We attended the benefit of Mr. BEMETZRIEDER at this house, but were introduced to so very crowded an audience, that we could scarcely catch a glimpse. Mr. WALLER's *Murdoch Delaney* appeared to be the best part of the entertainment—it however wants breadth.

W. WEST we imagine, has been chiefly instrumental in preserving the theatre from a premature close. If this gentleman is fond of exertion, he may glory in his engagement. *Sam Swipes*, *Thomas*, in the *'Secret'*, and *Abel Day*, in one evening are fatiguing enough even to an audience. But with all these advantages and exuberance of opportunity in W. WEST's favor, we are compelled to yield the palm of the night's entertainments to Mr. VINING, who spoke the Farewell Address. It was evidently *not acting*, though we do not pretend to say *what* it was. The *author* may however very quietly walk in for his share in this nondescript eulogium. He assured us (by Mr. V.) that the new management had succeeded in "*removing the house from that cloud of adversity which had threatened to obscure it*," that it was most *acute* and *painful* to part, (here the speaker blew his nose) and that—we forget what beside—but how Mr. VINING could say that *harsh* word "*farewell*," we know not; to us, it sounded by far the most musical which this disciple of Demosthenes shook from his "*melodious twang*."

It will be understood, we do not accuse Mr. VINING of compiling this absurd riddle; it would amount, in our opinion, to a libel on his character.

DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The "*Battle of Waterloo*" has been got up at this house, to a precision and extent we could not have imagined possible within the confined space of a theatre. The military movements, the reviews and attacks, are executed with the most surprising skill, and every thing is combined to present to the understanding of the audience a most perfect rehearsal of that "crowning carnage, Waterloo."

We shall ever think better of GOMERSAL since he has played *Napoleon Buonaparte*, for in its delineation he has foregone all "sound and fury," and in their stead, portrays the decisive nonchalance of the emperor with fidelity and effect.—Mr. G. surprised us. The *Duke of Wellington*, by Mr. GRIERSON, is not very soldier-like—certainly, his "Grace is but a young hero."

The actors, as may be expected, have but little to do in this piece, which of course has nothing in the way of writing:—we are, however, glad that Napoleon has been attempted with liberality, and from such satisfaction, can pardon the assertion of Mr. MAKEEN "doing more than a wiser SOLDIER," with others similar in construction.

Every body should see the '*Battle of Waterloo*'; it reflects highly on the spirit and capability of the management.

 DRURY-LANE THEATRICAL FUND SOCIETY.

On Wednesday the 7th instant, the Anniversary of this benevolent Institution was celebrated at the Freemasons' Hall. At half past six his Royal Highness the Duke of York, accompanied by several noblemen and gentlemen, entered the room. "Non nobis Domine" was sung by the professional gen-

tlemen who attended on this occasion, in the finest style.

After the cloth was removed, "The King" was proposed, with four times four. The other national toasts were proposed and drank in the usual manner.

Upon "Mr. Kean and the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund" being given,

Mr. KEAN rose to address the company. (This distinguished actor was received with repeated cheers by the whole company.) He said that he felt some difficulty in acknowledging the condescension of the Royal Chairman, and the kindness of the company. His Royal Highness had proved himself the friend, not only of that Institution, but the friend of every charity—of every child of adversity. In presuming to address his Royal Highness and the company on the present occasion, he would confine himself within a very narrow limit. The cause would speak for itself—it was the cause of charity—that blessed charity which went to dry the tears of poverty and affliction, and to soothe the sorrows of old age. He felt emboldened to offer some observations on that occasion, the more so, as he was about to leave his native country for some time. ("No, no," from the Duke of York and several of the company.) Mr. Kean bowed and proceeded.—He said he would be obliged once more to leave his country; but, on his return, he hoped he would find the funds at least in as flourishing a state as he was about to leave them. Those funds, within a few years, had improved in a manner most gratifying to the supporters of the present charity. In the year 1818, his Royal Highness first presided at their festival. The funds previous to that period had so decayed, that the Managing Committee felt themselves under the bitter necessity of reducing the annuities of the poor claimants on the Society, in some instances ten, and in other cases twenty per cent. That was a distressing necessity. The Committee witnessed the distresses of those poor and feeble de-

pendants, but they were unable to relieve them, they could only mingle their tears with those of the sufferers; the current, however, changed in favour of charity, and the rays of relief and hope dissipated the gloom of despondency and sorrow. To his Royal Highness in particular, the thanks of the charity were due. His Royal Highness was not the friend or the patron of this or that charity: he was the friend of the drama—the benevolent supporter of the poor; may the tears of their gratitude be his passport to that bourne where the services of the virtuous and the good are acknowledged and rewarded. It was with great satisfaction that he was enabled to say, that although the claimants on the funds had daily increased, that the funds had increased so as to afford them relief. He hoped that that prosperous state of things would go on; and that the period was not far distant when the veterans of the stage would be able to retire, after exhausting the strength of their bodies and the energies of their minds in the service of the public, on one half the sum which they received during the period of active employment. — (Hear, hear.) Having stated so much, he felt that he could not sit down without taking that opportunity of expressing his deep regret at the want of a proper exertion on the part of his own brethren. It was a melancholy fact, that the members of that profession did not exert themselves in this cause, so peculiarly their own, with that energy which it was so well calculated to excite. The Theatrical Annals presented a gloomy spectacle of the instability of fortune—names which at one time shone in all the splendour of popular favour and applause, were seen descending, at the next hour, into the gloom of neglect and poverty! It would be found in many cases, that those who had in youth delighted the town, were found in their age, without a roof to shelter, or a rag to cover them. Mr. Kean, in conclusion observed, that the founder of the Institution (Mr. Garrick—a man not less dis-

tinguished for his splendid and varied talents as an actor, than for his active benevolence in support of this Charity—left a model behind him—a moral example for those who, though they could not attempt to follow him in the path of professional celebrity and fame, might at least imitate his virtues in promoting the prosperity of a charitable and useful Institution.

Mr. Kean was received throughout his speech with the repeated plaudits of the company.

On the health of "The Committee of Drury-lane Theatre" being proposed,

Mr. CALCRAFT rose, and returned thanks. After the eloquent speech of his esteemed and honourable friend, Mr. Kean (applause)—after that speech, it would be bad taste, on his part, to enter into the merits of an Institution, so eloquently and so forcibly described. The speech of his honourable friend, whether for correctness of style, for feeling, for eloquence, for force and persuasion, for delivery, he might truly say, was one of the most successful that he had ever heard on the stage, or in any assembly (loud cheers); he spoke from his heart, from the generosity of his own feelings—he was of course successful. There was one point in the speech of his honourable friend, which gave pain to him, and he belived to the company at large: and if the words of his honourable friend could be heard throughout the country, he would be bold to say, that there was not one man who professed a love for the drama, or a respect for genius and talent, that would not regret to hear it; he alluded to the intimation of his honourable friend of leaving the country. (Cheers.) He, with every admirer of the drama, with the country, would regret his loss; but if his departure was likely to promote the advantage of his honourable friend, let him go, and God prosper his fortunes. (Applause.)

Mr. Kean proceeded to read the list of subscriptions, which amount-

ed to 1200L. Amongst the names of the subscribers, Mr. Kean read, Mr. Price, of the United States of America, which was received with loud cheers.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York shortly after rose, and proposed "Success to the American Stage," which was greeted in the most enthusiastic manner.

Mr. PRICE (the American amateur) rose to return thanks. He said, he felt anxious that the people of America should have the advantage of witnessing the display of the dramatic talents of this country, because it was one of the means of uniting in feeling and in sentiment the people of, he might almost say, the only two free nations in the world.

On the "Health of Covent Garden Fund Society" being proposed, Mr. CALCRAFT returned thanks. He said, that he belonged to that Society as well as the present, and as a lover of the drama, he felt sincere interest for the prosperity of both theatres.

"The Memory of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Kemble" was drank in solemn silence.

Shortly after ten o'clock the Duke of York left the room.

A number of gentlemen, notwithstanding the retirement of his Royal Highness, remained in their places. Mr. Kean was loudly called for to

fill the vacant chair, but that gentleman did not appear. Mr. Wallack, Mr. Cooper, even Mr. Grimaldi was called for, they were all absent. Mr. Terry, who remained in his place, was anxiously pressed by some individuals who sat next to him, to take the chair. That gentleman (we think very properly) positively declined to do so. It is painful to us to conclude this short account by any expression of censure; but really we cannot help saying that the gentlemen Stewards, (all of them, we believe, were theatrical men) might have acted more properly if they had not put on their cloaks so soon; if they had condescended to attend to the very numerous and respectable company who remained after the retirement of the Royal chairman, who had assembled for the purpose of contributing to the aid of the Institution in which those gentlemen have a strong and natural interest.

In the course of the entertainment Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Horne, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Harley, delighted the company by the display of their vocal powers. Mr. Broadhurst was eucored in the Jacobite song of 'Over the Water to Charley.' The presumptive heir to the throne of Brunswick heartily joining in the applause.

Theatrical Chit Chat.

Mrs. HERMAN's Play—the '*Vespers of Palermo*,' has been played at Edinburgh and Dublin.

BISHOP the composer, transfers his talents next year to Drury-lane: he could not withstand the seduction of ELLISTON's golden witchery.

A project is on foot for establishing in Paris a sort of French—Edinburgh Review.

T. W. JONES, Esq. proprietor of the

Adelphi Theatre, was married to Miss SIMPSON on the 17th April, at St. Mary, Whitechapel.

Last Friday, Mr. KEAN played *Sir Giles Overreach*, at the Manchester Theatre, for his benefit, the house overflowed. He played *Shylock* on Thursday, but the Manchester Critics think him very inferior in that character to their old favorite COOKE.





1 Drawn & Engraved by Kennerley, (expressly)

MR. YATES, AS CORNET CARMINE.

*in
Pride shall have a Fall.*

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